

Alexander Search

LIBERTY

LIBERTY

To G.N.

Oh, sacred Liberty, dear mother of Fame!
What are men here that they should expel thee?
What right of theirs, save power, makes others be
The pawns, as if unfeeling, in their game?

Ireland and the Transvaal, ye are a shame
On England and a blot! Oh, shall we see
For ever crushed and held who should be free
By human creatures without human name?

Wonder not then, dear friend, that here where men
Are far away I can well rest, and far
From where in lawful bodies, Christian-wise,

Beings of earth their fellows fold and pen;
Glad that the winds not yet enchained are
And billows yet are free to fall and rise.

20-6-1905

Poesia Inglesa. Fernando Pessoa. (Organização e tradução de Luísa Freire. Prefácio de Teresa Rita Lopes.) Lisboa: Livros Horizonte, 1995: 54.